

MARVEL COMICS

DEADPOOL

MARVEL
PG 65

SIMONE
UDON

www.marvel.com



7 59606 04875 5
\$2.25 US \$3.65 CAN



65

ALVIN KESSEY ARTISTOTILE UDON



Shhhhhhhhh!

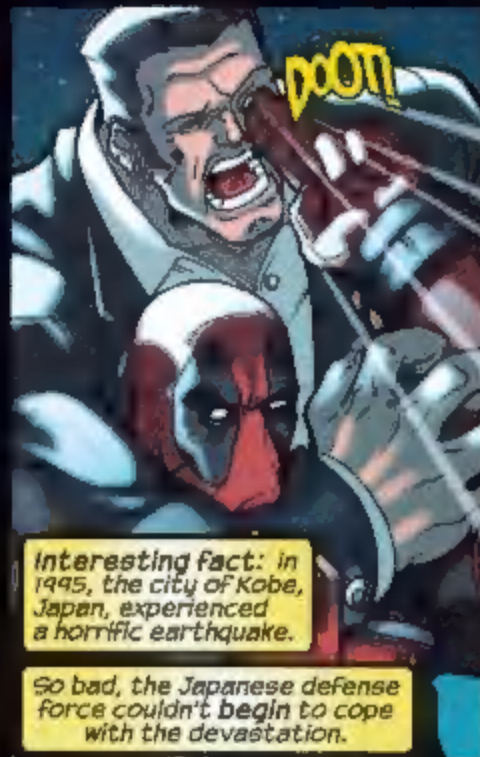
WhAAP!

Daddy's working.



Whistle while you merc! La la la la la la!

And jobs have been scarce, lately. Sort of a hitman recession.



DOON!

Interesting fact: in 1945, the city of Kobe, Japan, experienced a horrific earthquake.

So bad, the Japanese defense force couldn't begin to cope with the devastation.



And then it got weird...



SOMRRRRY, bad haircut man! No calling friends on the radio!



Anyway, guess who saved the day by supplying food, medicine, and supply trucks?

The largest crime family in Japan, that's who.



These guys ain't them.

OW--
--could you--
--OW!

...give it a rest, maybe?



Take. Out. Wrenched. Ankle.

Ha. Ha. Ha!

Enguh!!

These are the guys who robbed the ambulance drivers.



And tonight I get to shoot one of them.

Goody.



I'm humiliating their guards on the roof of a restaurant that I'll sure as hell never be invited to. This place makes Tavern on the Green look like McDonalds.

"Yes, I'd like the *petite quail eyeball soufflé*, with a side order of *snobby hamster snouts in cream sauce*, please."

These are the *Backstreet Boys* of imported crime...they *suck*, but you can't argue with their *profit margin*.

Meet "the Four Winds"-- rival crime dons that hate each other and everyone else.

They cause more human misery than Kathie Lee Gifford.

Not one has ever spent a day in prison. Each dodges a dozen assassination attempts a year. And tonight, this guy...

...wants me to kill this guy. Right in the middle of their truce talks. Greedy, huh?

Manishi--
West.

Higashi--
East.

Minamiyori--
South.

Kita--
North.

What can I say? I take pride in my work.

Say goodnight, you bathrobe-wearin' custard!

Uh-oh.



SHROUDED IN STOLEN IDENTITIES AND CLANDESTINE SECRETS, THE MERC-WITH-A-MOUTH IS A MAN OF MYSTERY. HERO? VILLAIN? SOCIOPATH? DEADPOOL MAKES HIS OWN RULES AND PLAYS BY NOBODY'S GAME. HE IS AN AGENT OF CHAOS CONFINED TO A WORLD OF CONSTRICTING ORDER! STAN LEE PRESENTS:

DEADPOOL

HEALING FACTOR

PROLOGUE

Story by
Gail Simone

Art by Udon
with Alvin Lee,
Rob Ross,
Eric Vedder,
A-Zero & TR2

Udon Chief
Erik Ka

Letters by
Dave Sharpe

Edited by
Mike Marts &
Mike Raicht

Chief
Joe Quesada

President
Bill Jemas



I see the future, and it's me saying "OWWWWW!"

Important: Deadpool would like it to be known that he does his own stunts. Also, do not attempt to duplicate these feats unless you are goofy. Even then, it's probably a bad idea.



This is bad. If I don't crack my spine in the fall, I'll be right in the middle of four warring gangs with many, many guns and bullets and shooting and why did I name myself Deadpool, anyway?

Quick! Someone get me a comfy pillow!



Then I luck out. I sight my target--

--I think it's my target, anyway. I fire a few rounds to be sure...

PHUT
PHUT
PHUT



I'm a brave little soldier, I'm a brave little so--

--owchie.

THUMMMPPP!



Fun, fun, where's my gun...



... have at thee, varlets! Kapow!

Uh...

Bah! Barrel is bent. Bent barrel is bad. Bleah.

I hate when something messes with my variet hunt.

Uh... I can explain this. It's a cute story, really. See, I was cleaning the windows, and I brought my gun 'cause this place has a rat problem...

... huge, slaving, illegal immigrant rats, with riding mowers and napalm...

What the--?

FLUMP!

FLOSH!

Crap.

THUD!

FLOOSH!

Okay, okay... maybe I accidentally shot those two guys when I fell-- but you guys all hate each other anyway, am I right? Let's hug, shall we? Okay?

Big, healing, non-lethal hugs?

We never just cuddle anymore.



The thing about life-defining moments is--
we never recognize them when they happen.



He...
he...got all
four...!

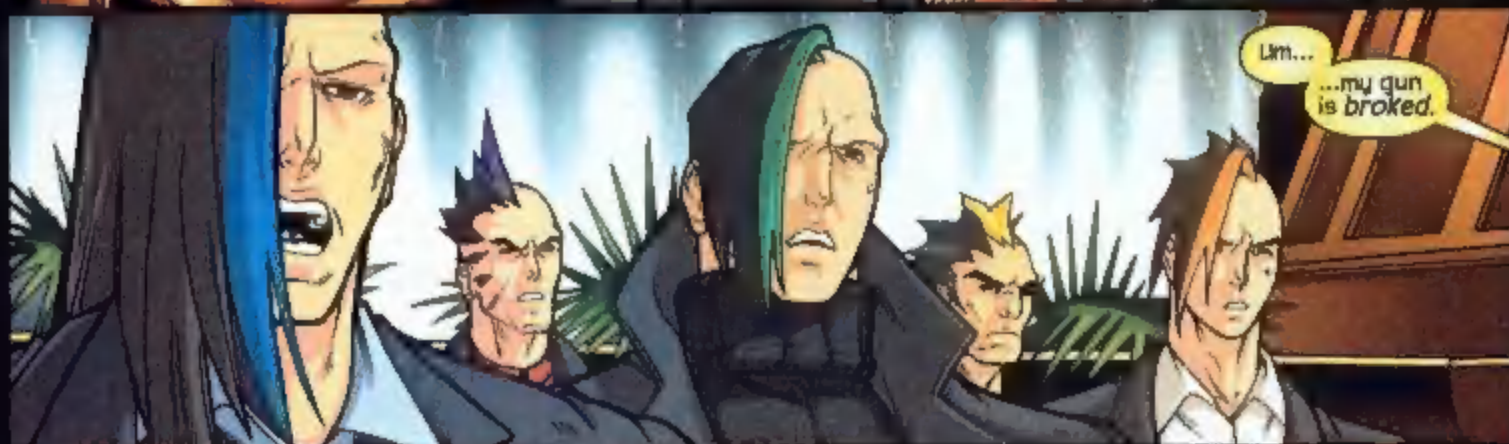
...in
mid-air!
How could
he--?

Impossible!

...not even
the Punisher
could have...

Four shots--
each through
the heart!

Not
human...



Um...
...my gun
is broke.



The sporting
thing to do would
be for you guys to,
you know, let me go
and get a shiny new
gun before you all
try to kill me...

...I'll be
right back,
'kay? 'Kay!



Shoot him! He's just
a man! Shoot
him!

KA-KLAK

CLIK

TCH-KAK

You guys
aren't still
torqued at
me, are
you?

People gotta learn
to let stuff go.



OWWW!

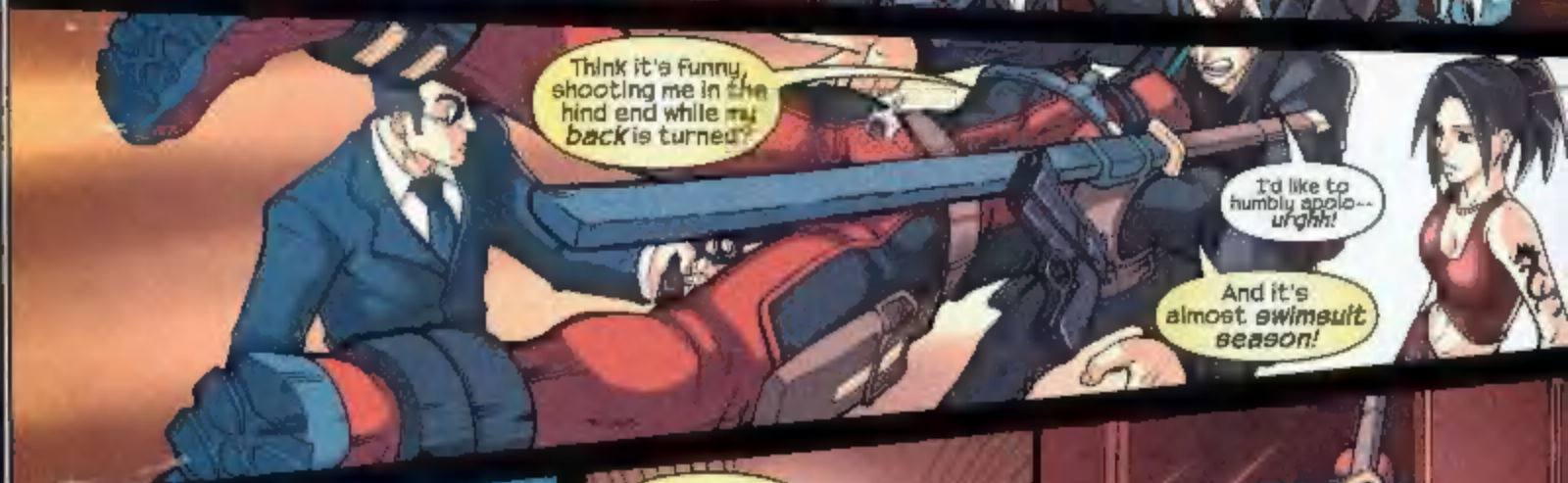
Ow!
You shot
my butt!

I am so
anti-gun just
this minute!

BRAKKA

P-TCHU!

KPAO



Think it's funny,
shooting me in the
hind end while my
back is turned?

I'd like to
humbly apolo--
urghh!

And it's
almost swimsuit
season!



Let's make
a rule. From
now on--

--no shooting
the nice mercenary's
rump roast!

That
seems very
reasonable...



This is *not* me
running away. It
may be a lot of
things, but clearly,
it's *not* running
away.

This
assassination
has gone on
hiatus for
retooling.

Plus, my
sit-upon is
burning!



THIP!

What?
I'm fired,
you say?

That's
just so
unfair!

SPLORP!





My favorite gym:
Merc Works.

Bullwhip
Class
Line-up here
ONLY

That's *amazing*,
Mr. D. I can't believe
you got *all four* like
that...while falling, and
with all that glass--
Incredible!

Those
guys were
supposed to be
untouchable!

Come on,
man, tell it
again!



I don't
have a
towel.
Why is it
I'm done, and
yet somehow, I
don't have a
towel?

A.I.M.



Man wants
a towel!

I'll
get
it!

No, I'll
get
it!

He needs
a towel! For
wiping his
sweat!

He's gonna
get mad, I just
know it!

Heh. Criminals
are a cowardly,
sycophantic lot.



Here you go,
Mr. Deadpool! Nice,
clean towel. It's
still warm from
the dryer!

Ooooooh!

Get that's
refreshing!

Nice warm
towel for the
man!

I hate being a
henchman. I gotta
go solo.

Thanks,
Misha.

Since word spread of the Four Winds
hit, I'm like Elvis to these guys. Except
without the fried 'nanner sandwiches.

KILLER Juice

Triple berry smoothie, please.

I mean, I joined AIM thinking it was gonna be ■ death lasers and hot spy chicks...

You should talk to my legion commander, see if you can get on at Hydra.

...what? My zipper down or something?

Not that I'm aware of, cowboy.

What are you, Twain's evil sister?

Says Mr. Fruit Smoothie...

...so what's with the fan club? Big fella like you needs that many chaperones?

BZZZZ!

Damn. Gotta go.

An' just when you ■ gettin' microscopically more interestin', too.

Here. Keep this to remember me by!

You ■ use it to buff your palomino.

That's my entire strategy for getting women, actually.

Sign of the apocalypse number two: A hot babe shamelessly flirts with me and I blow her off to go back to work.

I gotta admit, I feel better about myself than I have in a long time. Less funny, more fatal.

I mean, maybe it wasn't an accident. Maybe I really am that good.

urp!

KA-CLAD!

But what difference does it make? Business is better than ever--that's what counts.

I deserve to get a break. It's about time, is what I say.

As I've said, Mr. Pool has no time available for mob intimidation until June at the earliest.

So sorry, Mr. Mayor.

D.P. INC.



Hello, Mr. Wilson.

You've got that *labor dispute* at the docks tonight at ten, you're taking the Latverian ambassador's beloved *poodle* hostage at midnight, and here are the sketches for your obligatory *costume change*.

Uh-huh, poodle's in labor, right, got it.



Uh, Sandi, how come I'm wearing *high heels* in all of these?

You need a new look. And besides, I'm *kinky*.

Can't argue with *that* logic.



...and this guy here wants a *job*. At least, I *think* that's what he wants. He tried to eat one of the *plants* earlier.



Here's his *job app*. Another *winner*, for sure.

Sandi, I'm *surprised* at you--



--I mean, look at this *guy*!

The *noble brow*, the prominent *nose* which somehow still manages to miss his own *wicked B.O.*...



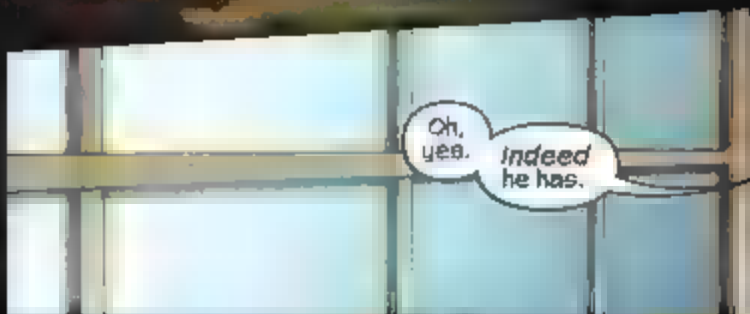
This guy is *DP, Inc!* Material!

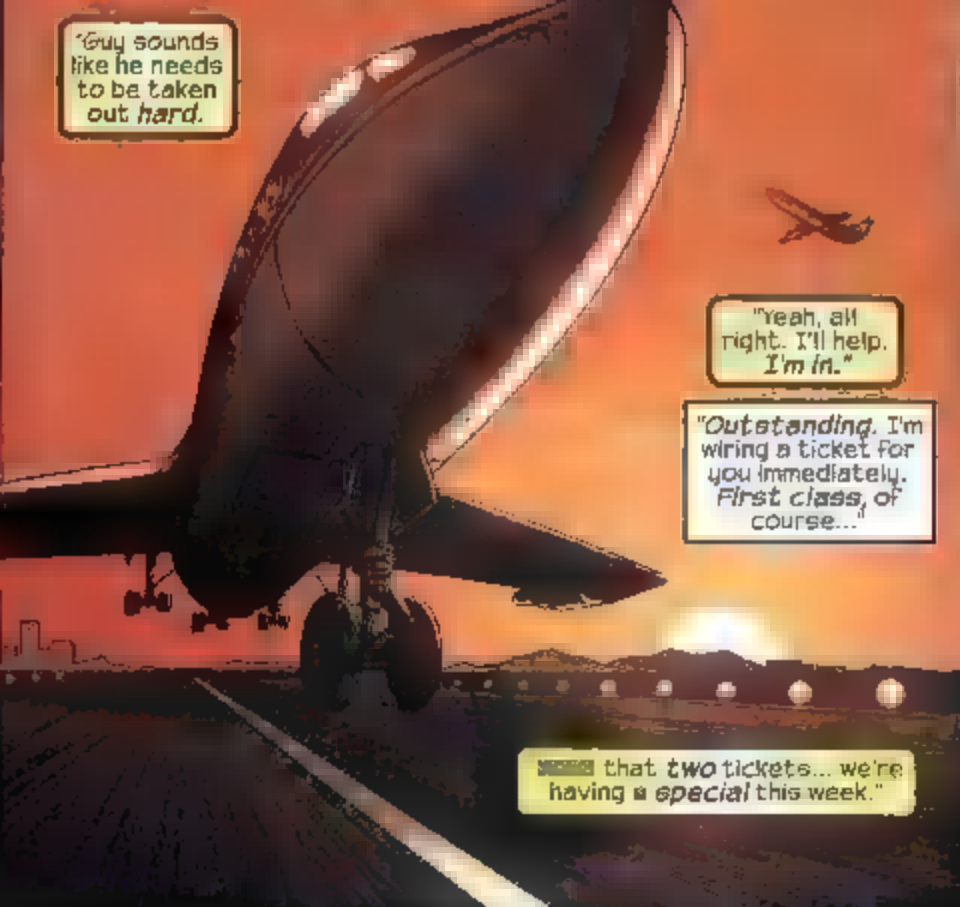
I'm making him my *biographer*. How does *that* sound, Ratbag?

I left a *bag* of pigeons on the subway...

Why, that's just *fine*! You're *hired*!







"Guy sounds like he needs to be taken out hard."

"Yeah, all right. I'll help. I'm in."

"Outstanding. I'm wiring a ticket for you immediately. First class, of course..."

"...that two tickets... we're having a special this week."



Danke, dass sie mit uns geflogen sind!

I don't know *what* you just said, but I'd pay good money to hear it again!



"I'll have my man come and drive you to the... target's castle."



Ich soll sie zum Schloss begleiten. Folgen sie mir bitte.

uh...

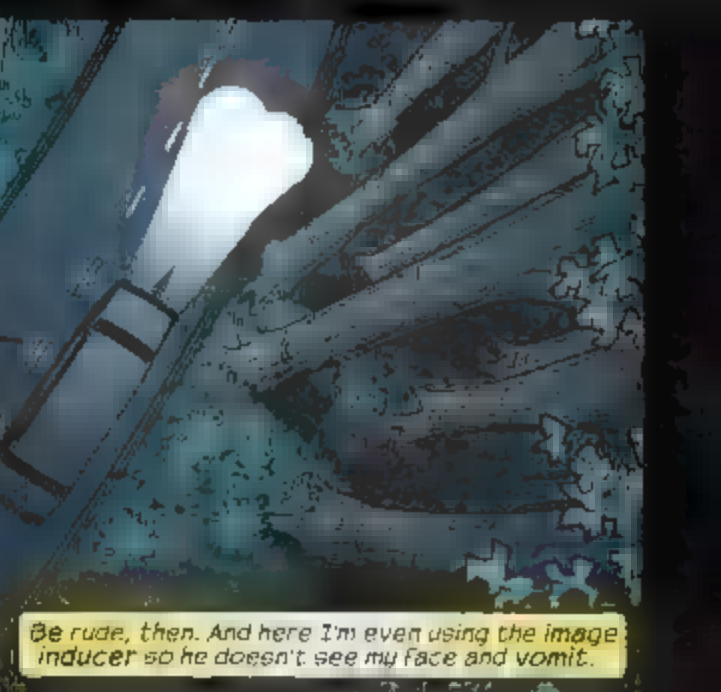
Follow me, please.

Let's get *one* thing straight. Do you have any food in this country that isn't a sausage? I don't want to eat anything that looks like my lower intestine.



Hey, you've got a beautiful country here. Sincerely.

Just makin' conversation. How much further?



Be rude, then. And here I'm even using the image inducer so he doesn't see my face and vomit.



Actually, we have arrived.

Woah.

No one under 17 admitted



I trust these will be sufficient?

Yeah, fine. As long as one end goes bang.

Anybody in there I should avoid shooting?

There are no innocents here.



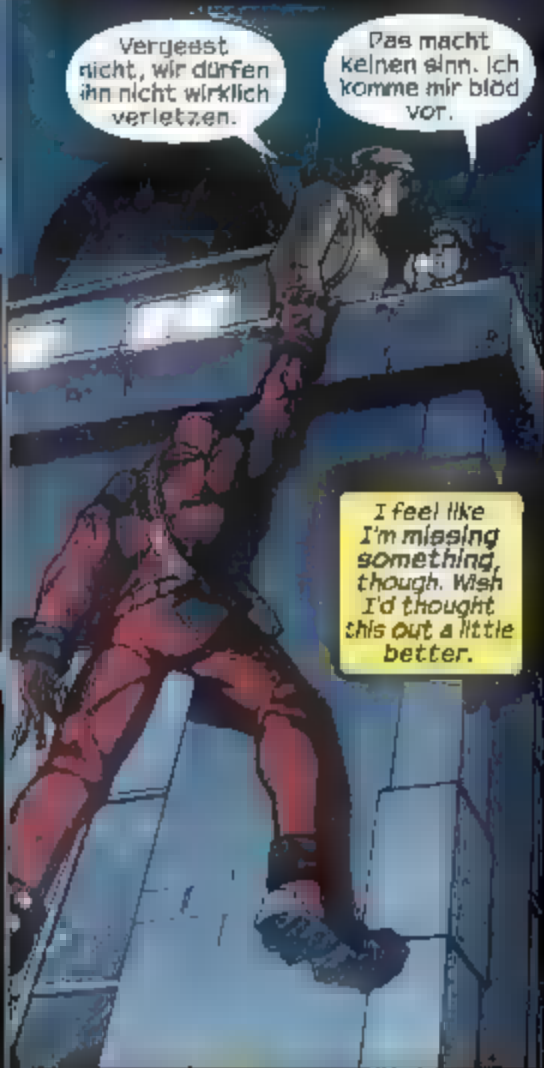
Don't drink the stuff under the sink-- poison! Tasty poison!

You stay here, deal, trusted Ratbag. This won't take long.

Sage words, my friend. Seeya shortly.



Deadpool, master of not actually doing any reconnaissance...



Vergesst nicht, wir dürfen ihn nicht wirklich verletzen.

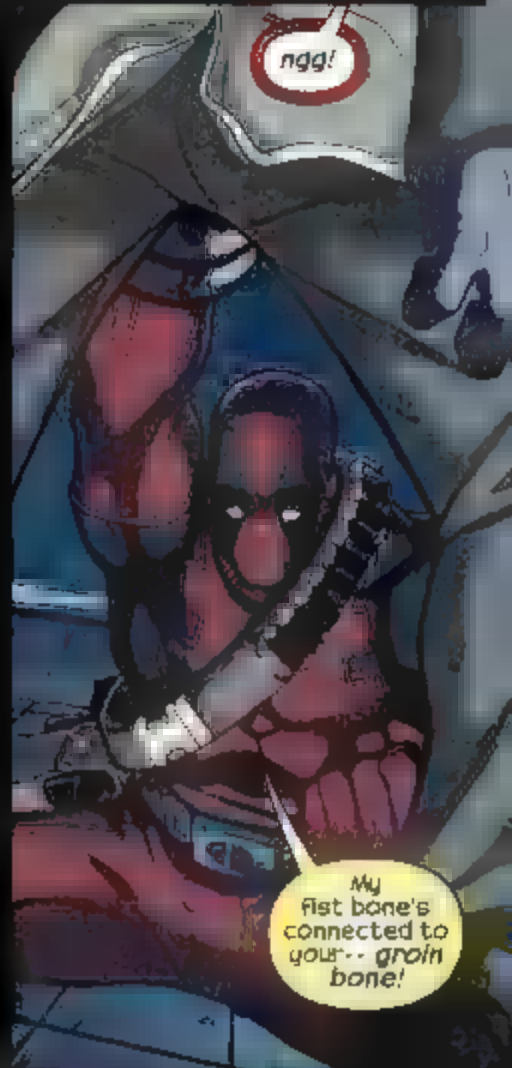
Das macht keinen Sinn. Ich komme mir blöd vor.

I feel like I'm missing something, though. Wish I'd thought this out a little better.



ungh!

Oh, my foot bone's connected to your-- face bone!



ngg!

My fist bone's connected to your-- groin bone!



Ooh! Reinforcements. Scary!

TATTA
TATTA
TATTA

Let's not let this affect our friendship, okay?



What's the matter? There's no splatter.

Something's wrong here...

Ah. The Famous Deadpool. How very fearsome you are.

Won't you come in, please?



I've been waiting for you.



So you're the guy I've come to kill...?

Precisely so. I'm *also* the one who called you here in the *first place*. In polite society, I am known as the *Black Swan*.



Don't bother. The bullets are *blanks*.

All right. So, what's the *deal*?



The 'deal'? The 'deal' is... I don't *like* you, Wilson.



The 'deal' is... assassination used to be a *noble* profession. My family has been accepting contracts for *three hundred years*.

Can you even *imagine*?

Wha--?

PLACK!

PLACK!



This is a business for *gentlemen*, Wilson. Not mask-wearing buffoons.

Why can't I move my *arms*?



The blood of monarchs runs in my veins, Wilson. You *defile* what I do. You make it *vulgar* and *coarse*.

What's happening to me?

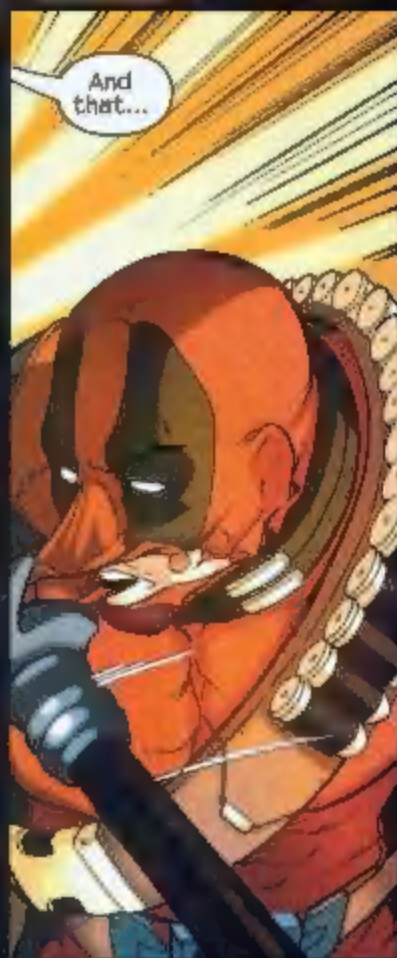


Hold him up, please.

The *Four Winds*. That was the final straw. I had accepted a contract to eliminate them all.



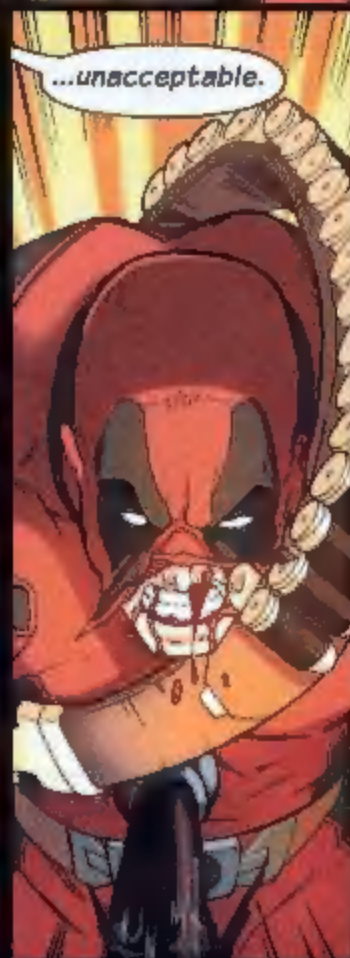
It was to be the final achievement in an *impeccable* career. You ruined that with your *capering* and *stupidity*.



And that...



...is...



...unacceptable.



Do you understand, Wilson?



No. Could you explain it *again*? Please, you snobby loser?

eh?



Ah, yes. Your *healing power* makes you brave. Such a *gift*, so wasted.

Well, I was born with a gift, as well. Yes.



I am a *hacker*, Deadpool. A viral programmer for the new world. Except, I don't need a *computer*.

I work with the human body's *natural hard drive*.



The *brain*, Wilson. I've downloaded a virus into your *brain*. It's deleting files and corrupting programs as we speak.

You're going to be *punished*. Are you prepared?

Wh... why did the *turkey* skip... breakfast?



Excuse me?

Because he was *stuffed*...

Place him and his idiot companion on the private jet and escort them back to the States.



I want him beaten to the *point of death* every thirty minutes.

unnnnnhhh...

Make that every *fifteen* minutes.



NEXT—it gets worse, and then The Rhino shows up!